

THE CARMELITE

VOLUME I - NUMBER 18

W E D N E S D A Y

JUNE 13 1928

FIVE CENTS

CARMEL - BY - THE - SEA

CALIFORNIA

Tied Hand and Foot

Gloom prevailed during the week in the camp of the dissenters against the continuance in office of Principal Graves of the Monterey High School.

It will be remembered that the High School Board of Education, by a clever (or shall we say crafty?) coup, overrode the opposition to the reappointment of Mr. Graves, which Dr. Sandholdt had valiantly carried on, by making this reappointment secretly, after he as the dissenting member had left the May meeting. No word of this action of the Board, of which he is a member, reached Dr. Sandholdt until he heard the announcement at the June meeting.

There is a group of parents opposing the continuation of Principal Graves at the High School. This group, shocked by the outrage of the Board, are now at work upon the question whether the legality of this action can be tested.

There is in fact triple cause for gloom this year among those who have striven to make the High School fit for the children,—all of it due, formally at least, to the technicalities in which politicians wrap themselves.

The first grief was over the attempt to rescind the state certificate of Principal Graves, on the ground that he was not qualified, either legally or educationally, to direct the work of a high school. This attempt failed.

Dr. Sandholdt was then elected a member of the High School Board to oppose the reappointment of the man to his triple position of Superintendent of Schools, Principal of the High School, and Clerk of the Board. Unless legal action can now be successfully undertaken, this attempt will also have failed.

The third hope to fall is the wish on the part of the Carmel Board of Education to initiate a Junior High School. This wholesome desire is also thwarted through the offices of a technicality.

If the County Unit Plan, which would centralize all educational authority in the hands of a Board at Salinas, goes through, we shall be tied hand, foot and eyelashes, in this "Land of the free and home of the brave."



FINIS — BY ALBERTA SPRATT

We quote the criticism of Roberta Balfour, in the Argus of May, of the paintings by Alberta Spratt of Carmel, on view in the East West Galleries in San Francisco:

"The work of Alberta Spratt is unusually big both in intention and in expression. In her landscape compositions and portraits surges the same personality, the same huge feeling for the rhythm which is to be found in life universally. Her desire to simplify all forms has brought her to the discovery that the elemental design to be found in all things of nature is ever the same. In *Finis*, which is the finest painting of the whole collection, the figure of the woman walking away from the trees follows the same line as the trees behind her. The colors have a rare quality of pure clarity and simplicity."

COASTLANDS

I have seen
the rolling thunder of the hills
plunge to their silence in the sea
plunge hurtling to oblivion undertoning the sea.

Roll after roll reverberant
echoing faint to the far horizon.
faint through the solvent mist
merging the sky and the sea.

I have seen electric the lightning, streak
forking the dark of the hills
die in the gleam of the sea
the radiant death.

Now I have bridled the hills
with the gleaming Bit of my words.
(Impotent titans too dumb to deny)
I have stilled into silence their deafening sound
with my tongue.

I have closed up the mouths of these
that would surely devour me,
their ravening will.

Now—I salute the primeval power
with the peace of the Conqueror—
Now—for an hour.

—Caroline Blackman.

Theater Guild Offers a Gift

Through the generosity of the Theater Guild of the Golden Bough, a matinee afternoon to which the public is most cordially invited, will be given next Sunday afternoon at four-thirty in the theater. Morris Ankrum, director of the theater, who recently played with such distinction the part of the Emperor Jones, will be the guest of honor and the speaker of the afternoon.

It is very probable that Mr. Ankrum will give a reading from a modern play. So engaging is the charm of this accomplished actor-director that the afternoon promises an hour of delight. Mr. Ankrum's personality has a sort of gentle vividness. It will be good to hear from him directly of his hopes and convictions concerning the theater. It will be good also to have an opportunity to come into some sort of personal community relationship with an artist who has so central a position in the life of Carmel.

It will be remembered how, some five years ago, the brilliant personality of Maurice Browne, first director of the Theatre of the Golden Bough, enriched the life and the artistic experience of Carmel. Ankrum conveys the same high sense of quality, the unmistakable mark of the artist.

As the time between this announcement and Sunday is a short one, it is suggested that the whole community constitute a means of swift communication and invitation, and that all will take it upon themselves to pass along the word that the doors of the Theatre of the Golden Bough will be open to the public next Sunday afternoon.

Another part of the program includes color and light play upon the interior dome of the theater. It is perhaps not known that the Theatre of the Golden Bough has lighting possibilities equalled by few theaters. The recitals given in the United States by Thomas Winfred with his color-organ invention, the Clavilux, have awakened artists to the possibilities of color-play as an art in itself, separate from any other medium. Abstract light as a new medium opens the gateways to a new art.

THEATRE GUILD ORGANIZES

The organization of a guild to provide a background of support to the Theatre of the Golden Bough reveals to some of us the problems its directors have to meet: A small community; a costly theater with the luxury usual only to cities. The presence in the same small town of other dramatic organizations, each of them with its plan for an active summer season. And in addition to these, a strong and single desire to maintain in the theater a high standard for the service of the arts.

The two women, themselves artists, who are the lessees of the Theatre of the Golden Bough, have during the period of their possession made no financial profit whatever from its use. In fact, they maintained their height of standard at considerable loss to themselves. In calling a meeting to discuss what should be done in the immediate future, they were perhaps in reality submitting the question whether Carmel really cared enough for that standard to take some of the responsibility for its maintenance.

It was a solemn moment, some twenty-five or thirty representative men and women of Carmel facing the problem four-square. But the response was immediate. A Theater Guild of the Golden Bough was at once formed, to provide that active personal and financial cooperation which the theater needs from Carmel. For it was obvious that if the building were to be dark, or turned over to commercial interests, a vital element would have been drained from the life-stream of Carmel. Perhaps it would be more specific and concrete to say that the Theatre of the Golden Bough, with the sort of drama it presents, is a definite asset to the prestige of this little town. It is known all over the world. (It is a real estate asset).

The Theater Guild of the Golden Bough thus comes into being. Since it was organized last week it has already been useful to the extent of making funds available to support the summer productions which Ankrum is to direct. His brilliant work in "The Emperor Jones" has inspired warm enthusiasm and great respect. It can now go on unhampered by the corroding fear of deficits. The Guild meantime invites membership.

YOUNG PLAYWRIGHTS
FLOCK TO CARMEL

The summer vacation should provide a vigorous crop of young playwrights in Carmel, to accept the invitation of the Abalone League Workshop, which offers hospitality to new plays on the Saturdays alternating between regular performances.

Last Saturday provided the first of these events. Two plays by Carmel authors had a showing. No great attempt was made at finish, but there was a lot of fun. And it's not a bad way to discover hidden talent.

THE CITY

The Carmelite has received a long and interesting letter, in response to its article on the need of a city engineer, from Councilman Wood. It would like to publish this letter unabbreviated, and will do so next week, meantime giving it careful study.

CITIES GETTING OUT OF THE WAY

By Lincoln Steffens

Carol Aronovici, editor of the Community Builder, handed out a piece of news almost as important as the flight of Man across the Pacific. He did it casually, in a private conversation, as he was passing through here last Monday. He said that chambers of commerce, boards of aldermen, mayors and other rulers of cities, towns and villages, were finding out that it was not an advantage to have state highways go through their main streets. There was a tendency in all community planning now-a-days to send the great stream of traffic up and down the state around town.

Dr. Aronovici is himself a city planner. He was not talking about the Carmel Plan or Non-plan. He was speaking of the capacity of Man to learn. Recalling how businessmen used to think that a string of automobiles rushing impatiently through their business street would mean business, he was rejoicing in the fact that these same men had seen enough of the traffic to make possible now the planning of highways to run around the towns. Automobilists will be glad to read that they will not always have to creep slowly through the crowded, twisting streets of cities, but can escape them at full speed ahead. The news, however, is that which Dr. Aronovici saw so happily, viz: we humans can learn; there is progress; evolution is still on.

MEDICAL RESEARCH LABORATORY IN CARMEL

When Carmel is not spoken of as a state of mind, it is called an arty little artist's colony. But it has also been called the Land of Ever After; and I think that is its truest conception. When the novels end and leave their heroes or heroines to "live happy ever after," they come to Carmel. Horticulturists, naturalists, philosophers, and scientists as well as artists are working in Carmel, and some are making discoveries important to the world.

We "Carmelites" do not, to use Jesse Lynch Williams' phrase spend our lives in a glorification of what we have missed. Instead, we set about achieving it. And the latest to realize his dream is Dr. Kocher.

All his life he wanted to go into research. Time and again he was sidetracked, but now, by the gift of Mrs. Grace Harris of the Highlands, a laboratory is to be built and endowed and Dr. Kocher (with two assistants) will give his entire time to medical research. "For the rest of my life," smiled Dr. Kocher happily, and with his calm, quiet, sure voice we could believe him. His dream is coming true.

But we shall not lose him. For he is not leaving us for any Rockefeller Foundation or Eastern clinic; the Grace Deere Velie Foundation is to be built right here in Hatton Fields, and Dr. Kocher is busy on the architect's plans now.

It will not be Dr. Kocher's first venture into research. His second year at Johns Hopkins he went to Leipzig and at the end of his year there recited a paper in pathology before a congress of German scientists: "Meine Herren u. Damen . . ."

After graduating he went to Germany again, this time to Munich. His interest was then in psychiatry, but while waiting for the return of a psychiatrist with whom he wanted to work, he started at a clinic for internal medicine, and became so interested that he changed his specialization to chemistry of the body. On his return he worked in various American Universities (California, Ann Arbor), went into general practice at San Diego and there was switched again, this time by chemical research. He invented a process for utilizing wood waste to make glucose for cattle food, various table syrups, and alcohol for industrial purposes. This alcohol could have replaced gasoline at a cheaper cost. Mr. Ford was interested in it and had Dr. Kocher working for a year in Dearborn, and—but this is a story in itself. However, the process has been adopted in Germany and Switzerland.

Dr. Kocher is made of the stuff of researchers. Quiet-spoken, thoughtful, matter-of-fact, he is never positive and he never jumps at conclusions. He gives the impression that he is never too sure. Most important of all, he has a sense of humor. Those who know Doctor Kocher's calm, scientific manner, free of all the bunk of the "bedside manner" even at the bedside, his willingness to consider every possibility, will feel that maybe now something will be done for diabetes, pernicious anaemia, colitis, the diseases of stomach and intestinal tract, which he is going to study.

And we are sure we shall keep him here, for with a four-acre tract at the Highlands which he is clearing, with one of the most charming houses and patio gardens in Carmel, with a wife interested in his own subjects, and a laboratory of his own, Dr. Kocher should live happy ever after.

—Ella Winter.

The
CARMELITE
Calendar

JUNE

- 14 Sunset School, Commencement, Thursday at 2:00 p. m.
- 14 Meeting of Theatre Guild of the Golden Bough — Residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Blackman at 8:00 p. m.
- 14 Carmel Playhouse — "The Copperhead," Civil War drama, by Augustus Thomas, 8:30 p. m.
- 15-16 Moving Picture, "The Fair Co-ed."
- 16 Community Dance — Sunset School Auditorium, 9 to 12 p.m.
- 17 Divine Service — All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science, at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission, at 10:00 a. m.
- 17 Baseball—Three Abalone League games in Carmel Woods, 1:00, 2:15, 3:30 p. m.
- 17 Theatre Guild invites the public to the Theatre of the Golden Bough at 4:30—Morris Ankrum, speaker.
- 19 Sunset School, Wednesday at 2:30—P. T. A. invites parents to hear Mr. Bardarson, the new school principal.
- 21 Golden Bough—"The Importance of Being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde, 8:30 p. m.

A COMMUNICATION

To the Carmelite,
Carmel:

In the interest of our City Beautiful, will you kindly call the attention of our city fathers to the necessity of 'keeping up appearances'?

Is it fair to the good name of Carmel-by-the-Sea to use the center of the business section as a rubbish heap and a place for fires?

It is possible that Gus gets up so sleepy-eyed, day by day that he cannot see across the street from his residence, where Mr. Leidig uses the empty lot at the rear of his grocery, for the dumping of trash of all descriptions; or is it because he is too blinded by the smoke arising from the fires of this spot?

Or is it a good precedent to set, that others might feel there is no objection to this practice, and gradually we will find ourselves in the midst of ugly surroundings, in every vacant spot off of Ocean Avenue stores?

A taxpayer and property holder of Carmel, hereby thanks the Carmelite for the space, and hopes to hear of your efforts to abate this nuisance.

T.

NEW BOOKS AT THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY

FICTION — Roberta Forbes: Mirror for Witches; Ernest Hemingway: Men Without Women; Wilbur Daniel Steele: Meat.

NON-FICTION — Katharine Mansfield's Journal.

LOST: Large pale amethyst pin set in Chinese gold filigree.

REWARD P. O. BOX 1019 Carmel.

APOLOGIA

The Carmelite of this week is a twelve-page issue,—fifty per cent more than formerly. In the rush of its preparation, it has had to suffer an æsthetic loss. It is aware that its makeup lacks, this week, a page symmetry and a visual balance which are important both to its editor and its printer. We hope to restore these next week. For it is the ardent intention of the Carmelite to present a general makeup which will be, in its balance and proportion, a thing of satisfaction to the eye.

W. I. L. HEARS RUDHYAR

Sunday evening at the meeting of the W. I. L. at Unity Hall, Dane Rudhyar gave an illuminating answer to the question "Is Peace Opposed to War?" He said, "Beware of words! Beware of the intellect that pits one word against another and says, it must be either this or that, while Life says, it is both."

Neither opposite is valuable by itself—all meaning arises from their relationship, their conflict. Peace is a state of consciousness which understands the necessity of war.

It is mistaken pacifism to abhor conflict. It is cowardice to oppose physical war and not fight for the realization of Man which alone can bring peace as a conscious inner state.

Gandhi in India is the apostle of the "will of active passionate non-resistance." This is the true pacifism. America is a tragic land where wars will be fought in the future. Not necessarily on the physical plane, but as the true human tragedy is of the spirit, the great wars of the future will be the wars of Ideas. We must be ready to face this. We must take our stand, find our companions, enter life.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER IN COMMERCE

Artists went into commercial advertising some time ago. Now photographers are going. That will make advertising artistic and not photography "commercial."

The photograph was taken by Roger Sturtevant for the Caterpillar Tractor Company; it shows a tractor at work at Carmel Highlands.

The tractor suggests one of Rhys Williams' best stories on Russia. When the machine first came to the country districts, the peasants, used to threshing by hand, cursed it and spat upon it. When they had watched it do their work in a third of the time, without sweat or back-breaking, they said it was their savior, and called all the peasants to come and "lay your troubles on the iron shoulders of the Little Brother of Jesus."

CARMEL NEWS

BIG SCOOP! BIG CHIEF ESCAPES HEADER!

In these days of high competition in Carmel, with new theatres and new newspapers (meaning ourself) springing up fortnightly all over the place, there must be a great rush to determine who will capture the news first.

We, the editor, were sitting calmly (that is, as calmly as an editor can, besieged by telephone calls, visitors, printers demanding copy, and ideas) in our office, when in rushed Roger Sturtevant breathlessly exclaiming, "Here's a big scoop for the Carmelite! It's an awful scoop, because it happened right in front of your office, and no one saw it but me! Gus' horse came galloping by a moment ago, all alone with no Gus on it, and turned a big sweeping curve, and curvetted into the ditch and slipped down. If Gus had been on it just now, we'd have had scarcely any Chief of Police left!"

Panting with excitement, we reached for our fountain pen!

A FAST PARTY

The working class of Carmel had a party at Mr. and Mrs. Ankersmit's home last Saturday night, and served food a l'italienne to a little group of serious thinkers. Mr. and Mrs. Sturtevant, who have a joint Studio of Portraiture and Terpsichore, were attired as rag-pickers, and entertained with a recitation of "What is so rare as a day in June."

Tommi Thomson and Alden Van Alden, who have mutual interests in the drama and other things of artistic importance in the community, were dressed in two pairs of \$2.95 pajamas from the White House.

Mr. and Mrs. Chuc Chadsey, who are well known in Carmel for their work as janitor and janitress of the Library, were also there. They have recently taken over the Business end of the Carmelite.

Jadwiga Noskowiak of Pasadena and Carmel came with Stanton Babcock who has taken many parts at different times with the Carmel Playhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Ankrum came in fascinating pajama suits that they had brought direct from France, and entertained all with charades and other stimulating games. The other guests of the party, Janie Johnson, Catherine Turney, Eddie O'Brien, and Houghton Furlong wore the costume of the occasion and joined in the festivities.

—By One Who Was There.



THEATRE OF
THE GOLDEN BOUGH

Marion Davies
IN
"THE FAIR CO-ED"
MOTION PICTURE

With
"SOARING WINGS"
UFA FILM
FRI. SAT. JUNE 15, 16,
7:30 P. M.

NEXT WEEK
"THE IMPORTANCE OF
BEING EARNEST"
Comedy by Oscar Wilde
Morris Ankrum, Director
JUNE 21, 22, 23, at 8:30
ADMISSION \$1.00, \$1.50,
Plus Tax

MANZANITA
THEATER

Wednesday-Thursday, 13 - 14

THE BIG PARADE

John Gilbert—Renee Adoree

Friday, June 15

ESTHER RALSTON

in Something Always Happens

Saturday, June 16

THE UPLAND RIDER

Ken Maynard and Tarzan

Sunday - Monday, 17 - 18

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THE ARTS . . .

ESPINEL CASTS HER SPELL

Altogether enchanting was Luisa Espinel, in her recital of Spanish folk music, last Friday evening at the Theatre of the Golden Bough. Brilliantly full of color, yet given with a delicate and fine interpretation, the whole program was in itself a work of art as to balance, proportion, and skillfully placed contrast.

Through the vital and compelling rhythms of folksong, one could not help admiring the exquisite finish of every detail of behavior and of expression—from the articulation of wrists in the castanet play, to the challenging toss of the head. One felt that the thing was artistically authentic—the manner, the attitudes, the final details of costume; the brocaded gown of Madame Sorolla; the twinkling of little feet underneath.

Whimsical, spontaneously joyous, and full of fantasy, the songs out of Spanish folk life were again a reminder to us that the arts we take so solemnly, so somberly, were once the free play of the race.

"THE COPPERHEAD" THIS WEEK

For the Abalone League's production of "The Copperhead" this week-end at the Carmel Playhouse, Jadwiga Noskowiak returns from Pasadena where she had been playing in the Community Theatre. Of all the parts in which she has appeared none has the range of emotion that is required for the projection of the woman she is in "The Copperhead."

The dramatic content of "The Copperhead" does not end with the telling of a story of the Theatre. The play is essentially a study of character; the mind and heart and impulse of a man who stands alone in an emotional crisis.

It was Lionel Barrymore who interpreted "Milt Shanks" in the original production of the play. It ranks with the outstanding portrayals of the actor. By Ford plays the part in the Abalone League production.

CARMEL PUBLICITY REACHES THE EXAMINER

This is how the wire runs, carrying news from Stephen Reynolds of Carmel for copy in the San Francisco Examiner:

WESTERN UNION · DAY PRESS · COLLECT

city editor
san francisco examiner
san francisco california
carmel-by-the-sea june 12th 1928

carmel comma shrinking violet of california municipalities comma is in a dilemma comma for it finds itself in need of audiences for the forthcoming seven productions now under way and rehearsal by seven parenthesis count em parenthesis directors of the drama who would show their worth in fields exploitative comma commercial comma experimental comma egotistical and otherwise period this village which has gone on record as against cement boulevards and lettercarriers and all refinements so to speak of modern but ill advised civilization comma is forced now to invite the world to come in and visit the boxoffice that audiences may be had for the theatre of the golden bough comma the forest theater comma the manzanita theatre comma the carmel playhouse comma for scheduled and forthcoming activities ranging from morris ankrums directing of oscar wildes quote the importance of being earnest unquote and quote ten nights in a barroom unquote down to frank sheridans quote the copperhead unquote and george balls quote two girls wanted unquote period were there any possible audiences left garnet holme exhausted them in casting for the forest theater shakespearian offering of quote the taming of the shrew unquote and irene alexanders contemplated quote inchling unquote and quote herod unquote period herbert heron comma casehardened producer was left flat with quote the dover road unquote on his hands and with no at liberty actors to take a part period evenings at rehearsal time the village is a town of deserted streets period grocery delivery boys move as in a daze while leaving eggs and coal oil and poring over written parts period the hardware stores including that of carmels mayor have been combed for available talent period drugstores report heavy sales of rabbitsfeet and grease paint period in short carmel wonders comma in view of conflicting dates from whence magic source the audiences are to be drawn reynolds

MELODRAMA TURNS FARCE

Ankrum's cast for "Ten Nights in a Barroom" nearly raised the roof with mirth over the first rehearsal of lines last week. It is going to be an hilarious revival of the old melodrama with all the grandiloquence and pomp characteristic of the nineteenth century stage. The week-end of July 4th is the date set for the production at the Golden Bough Theatre.

Carmel Playhouse
Abalone League Theatre"THE
COPPERHEAD"

A Stirring Drama by
Augustus Thomas

Directed by Frank Sheridan

Dramatic—Romantic—Historic

THURS. FRI. SAT.
JUNE 14-15-16

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WEDNESDAY
DOLORES DEL RIO

The Gateway of the Moon

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY
LON CHANEY

The Big City

SATURDAY
WOLF FANGS

With Thunder, the Dog

SUNDAY
FOOLS FOR LUCK

W. C. Field

FIVE ACTS OF VAUDEVILLE

MONDAY AND TUESDAY

Wallace Beery and
Raymond Hatton

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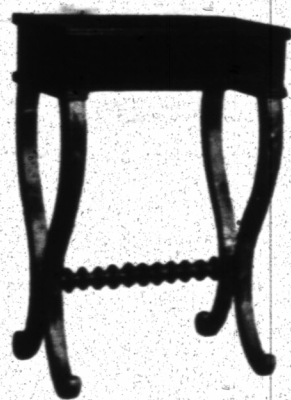
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THE ARTS

Beginning June 12th and continuing to June 31st the East West Gallery of Fine Arts will exhibit for the first time in San Francisco the work of Kwei Dun (T'eng Kwei) of Soo-chow, China.

Kwei Dun is one of three artists in China who have revived an old art form and are achieving distinction in it. This art of finger painting has been in existence from the Tang period and probably earlier, but few examples of it have survived. This art allows of great freedom of expression and each artist works out his own technique. Mr. Dun visualizes his compositions as clearly as possible before beginning to work. Then he dips his finger in water and quickly continues the design on the paper after which he goes over it swiftly with his finger which has been dipped in Chinese ink. Working swiftly as one must in this form of painting one gains an effect of spontaneous transmission of the emotion which gives great charm and vitality.

The economy of line necessitated by the finger painting method adds greatly to the effectiveness of the work and eliminates much of the careful craftsmanship which passes for painting all too often. In this respect finger painting is more akin in spirit to our western modern painting than other forms of oriental art.

It is expected that the artist will visit San Francisco during June to give a lecture in connection with this event.

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS AT THE EAST WEST GALLERY OF FINE ARTS AT SAN FRANCISCO

LECTURE:

John H. Cully on "My Collection of Contemporary Wood Engravings," Tuesday, June 5th and Thursday, June 7th at 8:30 p. m.

EXHIBITIONS:

To June 10—John H. Cully—Loan Collection contemporary wood engravings—an international representation.

To June 15th—Eighteenth Century Colored French Engravings by Dubucourt, Janinet, Bonnet, Boucher, etc., from collection of Gaston Beaumont and Baron Oppenheim of Paris, and Bioncourt, Yvorne, Switzerland. Previously exhibited in Denver Art Museum and other Museums, members of the Western Association of Art Museum Directors.

To June 30th—Modern Chinese finger and brush paintings by Kwei Dun Teng Kwei of Soo-chow, one of the three leading modern Chinese painters who have revived ancient Chinese methods.

PANTELEIEFFS WARM THE COCKLES OF OUR HEARTS

The charm of the Panteleieffs, whose recital occurred last Thursday evening at the Greene studio, lies not only in their golden voices, but in the simplicity and mellow generosity of their personalities.

There were those in the audience who said they had never heard Consuelo Cloos sing with greater fullness and beauty of voice; that Max Panteleieff was, both in voice and the freshness of his presentation, delightfully himself; and that in Miss Borowski, the singers had for the first time found a completely adequate accompanist.

Trite as was the program, all were agreed that the Panteleieffs are somehow or other the salt of the earth. Warm is the affection in which these two singers are held in Carmel.

CHILDREN AS ARTISTS

As an accompaniment to the children's moving picture which is to be shown in the Golden Bough on Saturday evening, there will be in the foyer of the theater an exhibit of paintings and drawings made by children.

These color compositions done by youngsters from six to twelve years old, show how freely a simple and natural expression can become articulate, when children are led in design and color. They were done in the schools of Alameda, and brought here by Miss Alma Whitman, of their department of art. One hesitates to say that they were executed "under her direction," because it is so very much more to the point that her genius lay in having left the children alone to work out their own ideas freely.

WE BRIDLE A BIT!

The dramatic critic of Vogue, reviewing Max Reinhardt's last production says:

"Tis much the best thing Reinhardt has done during his New York engagement . . . He uses one trick that our managers would do well to study. The curtain is not lowered for scene changes; instead, the stage is blacked out and two strong lights are thrown in the eyes of the audience—no one out front can see what is taking place behind the two lights; there is no break in the continuity . . .

Herbert Heron did this in the Forest Theater in Carmel sixteen years ago!



Blue Bird Tea Room

D. C. Sampson

Luncheon..Teas..Dinner

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**ROGER
STURTEVANT**
PHOTOGRAPHS

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Special Training in

Dalcroze Eurythmics

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THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-SEA, CALIFORNIA
Founded February 15, 1928

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EDITORIALS

Altogether heartening has been the response of the town to the new venture of the Carmelite. Criticisms, approvals, advice, and proofs of goodwill have rained in upon us. Editors and journalists who have been through it all, have given us their warm encouragement, entering with us into the spirited adventure.

It is good to be believed in by such people. Good also to know that after their long arduous years of striving, magnificent veterans in the field of journalism like Fremont Older and Lincoln Steffens, can join us with smiles almost paternally affectionate, and say, "You know, you CAN make a darn good paper of it if you choose."

From among the many possible types of weekly, we must choose one, and stick, not too inflexibly, to that. Some of our critics have urged us to leave out all political and civic discussion, to become a weekly of the arts in Carmel. Others warn us against that very artiness, and advise us to seek an all-round balance. Some say, leave out all "personals," except where they have some sort of world significance. Others, that a newspaper thrives on the human interest of just those unimportant little items. The high-brows have great hope of us. The low-brows remind us that they like to laugh, and that they'll not warm up to the over-solemn and the stiffly intellectual.

There is not even unanimity about what constitutes "news." To the editor of the Carmelite an idea is often more news than an event. Arrivals at conclusions are dramatic things. Colonel Foster, sitting in the little radio workshop at the end of Dolores Street under his radio tower, and listening all night to the messages coming fitfully from the Southern Cross on its heroic flight over the vast Pacific, is in the midst of breath-taking adventure.

Hidden unobtrusively in cottages about Carmel are many individuals also in the midst of adventure . . . thinking actively toward conclusions, in the fields of science, education, social ideology, and the arts. What they think and do, the arrivals which they achieve, seems to us news. The Carmelite hopes to tell much of what such creative individuals are thinking and doing, and thus to record the story of the development of the race.

Of course we have a private and secret editorial policy of fearless frankness and honesty for the Carmelite. We hadn't particularly planned to mention it, because we hoped it would be obvious. Yet one of our best friends immediately pricked the bubble of conceit. "Aha," he ahahed, "I can see you've already begun to be corrupted in two respects!"

What those respects were, we scarcely needed to ask. We already knew. One corruption was in respect of the advertisers. The other, of the readers. Someone had handed in some copy. Good copy. We agreed with every word of it. Yet we immediately reacted with the thought, "Why, we can't print that! It will antagonize the readers. The advertisers will cancel their contracts. We could never survive." And discovering in our editorial self this betrayal of our own convictions, we began to ask ourselves on just what policy of editorial frankness we would write.

And then we discovered that we were subconsciously addicted to the following principles: If a thing is valuable and good, praise it and push it. If it is vicious, damn it and strive to exterminate it. But if it is merely bad art, or stupid, or misses its mark in spite of good intentions, evade a frank criticism of it. Thus if So-and-So gives a recital of Such-and-Such, and the Carmelite's criticism of it reads that the artist had very beautiful eyes, it is simply our polite way of saying that the performance as a whole was pretty poor. Having hereby taken our readers into our confidence as to our real meaning, we can go ahead and write with careful evasiveness about the worst "artists" and yet be fundamentally understood. It's a way of writing in code.

This is why it is such good fun to run a newspaper in Carmel. We can assume intelligence and liberalism on the part of our readers. And we can take them to such an extent into our confidence. We know that people

who have chosen to live here are people of a certain like-mindedness as to what constitute fundamental life values. They live here spending less, earning less, caring less about outward appearances; developing a culture of outward simplicity and inward richness.

HERALDING THE APPROACH OF A PHILOSOPHER

We were talking with a guest from New York City, a brilliant and accomplished woman of the international type.

"What is happening these days in New York?" we asked. "What thinking goes on?" "What ideas are important?"

She answered, "Orage."

Orage is now on his way from New York by motor to Carmel. Formerly editor of the New Age, of London, he has in the last year associated himself with the philosophic thinking of Ouspensky, author of the epoch-making volume, "Tertium Organum."

A whole philosophy has developed around this new view of life, and a school based upon its teachings founded in Fontainebleau, France. The teachings of Orage have been discussed by lecture in Carmel during the last winter by several who have been his students in New York. Like the theory of relativity as Einstein has opened it to us, the philosophic attitude of Orage profoundly shakes and alters human thinking. If, as has recently been suggested by another intellectual guest in Carmel, this little town is to become one of the great significant centers of creative thinking in the world, the coming of Orage to lecture here presages an important next step.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Carmelite is glad to open its columns to its readers. The ordinary newspaper is too often the reflection of a narrowed-down policy on the part of an editor or two, or perhaps even of a few advertisers. We shall publish letters (and please make them short!) with which we may disagree editorially, because we want to make of the Carmelite a living channel of opinion.

To the Editor of the Carmelite:

. . . I especially liked what you said about Carmel taking its arts too seriously. I used to live in an atmosphere in which art was attained more naturally. It was more spontaneous. However, all that was killed. This movement here is a new birth. That, probably, is more or less, rather more than less, a difficult operation.

That is what I don't like about Russia and its influence. It makes of life, voluntarily, a tragedy. While this may have reason on its side, I don't like it, and unfortunately most of Carmel's so-called liberal thought is distinctly Russian and Bolshevistic in its tendency.

I hope the Carmelite will keep away from it.

Sincerely,

Yvonne K. Navas-Rey.

EDITORIAL RESPONSE:

The Carmelite hopes to overcome the littleness of prejudice of any kind—for, or against. It will thus be no more "distinctly Russian" than it is distinctly Arabian, Fascist, or North Pole. Certainly an international attitude may be assumed in an enlightened age disillusioned by war.

Carmel is perhaps fortunate in including among its residents several trustworthy people who know Russia, from having lived there for long periods of time. If these folk find there an achievement, a spirit which is superior to ours, it is surely illiberal on our part to try to discredit them by calling them Bolsheviks. They approve, because they have seen, and therefore know.

To the Editor of the Carmelite:

Dear Madam:

The Theatre of the Golden Bough is striking snags: there is heavy competition both in movies and plays. A firm, when it strikes competition, puts down the price of its product. I should like to suggest that the Golden Bough will not have a greater attendance at its movies, good though they may be, unless it puts down its price to that charged by other movie-houses. If it merely doubles its attendance, it will make more profit at the lower rate.

Yours truly,

Economist.

(The Theatre of the Golden Bough has recently put down its prices for everything except "big pictures." It charges ten cents for children; adults, thirty-five and fifty cents. In-as-much as the overhead of the Theatre is much greater than that of competing houses, it is very difficult to establish equal prices.—D. D. for the Theatre of the Golden Bough.)

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EDUCATION**MOVING PICTURES FOR CHILDREN**

And now the children are to have their own movies! A number of parents have been urging this for some time. Now a gift from some of them makes possible the experiment of opening the theatre to them for their own special benefit. On Saturday of this week, at 7:30 o'clock promptly, the Theatre of the Golden Bough will show a picture for boys and girls. The admission fee will be ten cents for children. The grown-ups' evening begins at 8:00, after the children leave.

And on the 28th of June, there will be a special children's matinee at the hour of 3:00. Schools and youngsters from all over the Peninsula have announced they'll be there!

MONTEREY HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES TEN FROM CARMEL

Carmel was represented by ten of the forty-three graduates in the commencement exercises of the Monterey High School last Thursday evening, June 7th. Evelyn Arne, Gordon Campbell, Merle Coffey, Lexie Grant, Melvina MacDonald, Roy Meadows, Margaret Reynolds, Henry Roehling, Harriet Staniford and Thomas Warren, all of Carmel, received their diplomas with the rest after the program.

The address of the evening was given by Louis Cohne, an attorney from Atascadero, who spoke on the class motto, "Build for Character, not for Fame," and pointed out the responsibility of the three educational factors, the home, the church, and the school in such character building.

Thomas Warren, a Carmel boy, delivered the valedictory, on the subject of "Aviation Today." The musical numbers, in charge of Frederick Preston Search, were rendered by a quartet of Senior girls, the orchestra of the school, and a duet of flute and cello. The Reverend Mr. Chinn of Carmel gave the Invocation and the Benediction.

THE SUNSET SCHOOL GRADUATION

The Sunset School Commencement Thursday, June 14th, at 2 p. m. will see the graduation of twenty-four Carmel children. Winifred Askew, John Campbell, Richard Catlett, Audrey Clay, Gail David, Alicia Flanders, Nadine Fox, Patty Johnson, Jack Kellogg, Carlyle Lewis, Stuart Marble, Carmelita Machado, Julia McEldowney, Kathleen and Rosalie Murphy, John Palmer, Ronald and Bernice Soucey, Margaret Spratt, Carmengene Taylor, Carol Thudichum, Andrew Walls, and Helen Wilson will receive their diplomas after the commencement exercises. Mr. O. W. Bardarson, who is to be the new principal of the school, will be the speaker.

P. T. A. SUMMONS ALL SUNSET SCHOOL PARENTS

A meeting of interest to all Sunset School parents will be held next Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 in the Sunset School. Mr. O. W. Bardarson, now a principal in Fresno, but who may direct the Sunset School in Carmel next year, will be the lecturer, on phases of the new education.

Our School Board have been making a long and careful search for a principal, and hold strongly to the hope that it culminates happily in the choice of Mr. Bardarson. He comes highly recommended, both by the state superintendent of schools, and by a fine record of work.

COMMENCEMENT AT CASS STREET NURSERY SCHOOL

A pretty entertainment was held at Mrs. Breinig's Nursery School in Monterey last Saturday morning on the lawn.

The children, all between 2 and 7, sang and waddled as "The Ducks;" then the orchestra (bells, triangle, drum, bells, triangle) led by Jonathan Hatley, beat time to a tune, and, under the generalship of Jean Weill, marched as the little Wooden Soldiers, from the "Chauve-Souris." Chests were much in evidence.

The forty parents and friends who were present were next led to the open-air theatre where Hiawatha was produced in four scenes and much curtain-raising. Twelve children took part. Hiawatha, though wordless, was the envied of all the actors because he had to drag a dead deer on to the stage.

The Indian and animal costumes were magnificent. Pathos crept in with the piteous supplication of rabbits and mice. "Hiawatha, do not shoot us. Do not shoot us, Hiawatha."

Weeks of work had been put into the production which actors and spectators thoroughly enjoyed. Photographs and movies were taken, and we hope Mrs. Byington Ford will give Carmel the opportunity of seeing the Indian Dance on the screen.

TRAINING FOR PARENTHOOD

Summer courses on Education begins this month in the leading Universities of California and elsewhere. Stanford, Berkeley, and the University of California in Los Angeles, all include courses in Child Psychology, Child Training, and Methods of Teaching. Not a bad idea for the modern parent to take advantage of these six-week training courses for the job of parenthood.

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Signed: F. A. Wermuth Transfer, F. A. Wermuth. Jun 13-20-27

PERSONAL NOTES

Dr. MacDougall, Director of the Carnegie Coastal Laboratories, has returned from a stay of some months in New York. At a dinner-party recently, when someone mentioned the atom, Dr. MacDougall demurred that that was the science of the day before yesterday. We shall shortly interview this distinguished scientist at some length, that our readers may be abreast of science-up-to-the-minute.

Anne Martin has returned from a six weeks' motor trip through Arizona and New Mexico. Before her departure Miss Martin announced the journey was for rest and pleasure only, but various messages we have had from her enroute betokened that she had not forgotten her job of organizing for her association, the Womens' International.

A young lady occupying some headlines of the daily press just now comes dangerously near Carmel. She is Raquel Torres, a dark Mexican, beautiful, and a movie actress. She has refused the Tahitian hand of Chief Mehevi and a fortune of two million dollars. And the opportunity came to her while sojourning in the South Seas on the filming of Frederick O'Brien's famous best-seller: "White Shadows in the South Seas." Frederick O'Brien is at present in Carmel having rented a cottage on Lincoln Street for several months.

A new book on Hindu Music, by Dane Rudhyar, recent lecturer-guest in Carmel, is just off the press in Madras, India.

Henry Cowell, composer of music in terms of the new generation, stopped over in Carmel for the week-end to discuss coming preparations for his July recital here of modern music. Mr. Cowell has just had a symphony performed in Los Angeles.

Celia Seymour, artist and dry-point etcher, who has made portraits of a number of distinguished folk in the world, has returned to her studio in Carmel for the summer.

Jane Addams, international leader of women's efforts toward the peace of the world, and for many years the head of Hull House, the pioneer social settlement of this country, is reported to be on her way west from Chicago, and planning to spend some time in Carmel before her departure for peace conferences in Honolulu. A jury of famous men has recently judged Miss Addams to be one of the twelve great persons of the world, the only woman ranking with men like Einstein, Rudyard Kipling, Bernard Shaw and Thomas A. Edison.

ANOTHER ILLUSION GONE

Dr. William Beebe, the American scientist explorer, is completing preparations for deep-sea research into the mysteries of submarine life in the ancient gorge of the Hudson River. He's going to dive a mile deep, and has never been more than sixty feet deep before. He said something to cheer us up about sharks; they are not the ferocious creatures we thought them: on the contrary, they are, according to Dr. Beebe, merely "indolent, awkward, chinless cowards."

WOMEN ENTER ANOTHER PROFESSION

In the state of California there are three registered women architects. Of these, Miss Rose Luis of Carmel is one. This young woman is at present busily working upon plans for an apartment building in San Francisco, and for a building in the south. When asked if she had competent draftsmen to help her, she answered affirmatively that they were Rose Luis and Rose Luis. In order to supervise their work effectively, she has to rise at five in the morning.

Much interested in problems of city planning, this energetic young woman will shortly make a trip east, and will send back to the Carmelite reports on her study of how a modern city meets its planning problems.

SMALL BITS

THE WORLD is divided into people who think they are right.
BARRIERS are for those who cannot fly.

—Alvan in the Tragic Comedians.

WHEN GOD wishes to destroy an ant he gives it wings.

—Old Arab Proverb.

Q. WHEN does a backward country become unfit for self-government?
A. When oil is discovered there.

PEOPLE

WE CALL ON ESPINEL

The room was a riot of color. Spread out across the chairs, across the big open suitcases, billowed silks, richly embroidered shawls, brocaded skirts patterned in reds and oranges. Luisa Espinel sat among these like some bright bird in a flowered forest, a slim decorated figure with her golden skin and black hair and the scarlet color of her velvet sports suit. She was packing the treasures of her costume repertoire the morning after her program of Spanish folk pictures at the Golden Bough Theatre.

Those who saw the program on Friday, know how deeply the artist is rooted in Luisa Espinel. Every sound and gesture speaks an innate sense of beauty and an artist's awareness and projection of that sense through a keen mind and a vivid personality. As she talked, in her low quiet voice, telling of the sources of her inspiration and study, you understood that something of the explorer is in her nature also.

She was born in Arizona, of Spanish and German parentage, and from her childhood was imbued with the romantic spirit and tradition of Spain. During her school days in San Francisco, where she was preparing for the operatic stage, she came in contact with a collection of early Spanish literature and folk music.

It was this stimulus that embarked her on her researches into the native art of her ancestors. She spent several years in study of the sources available in America, and with this background she went to Spain four years ago to travel and live among the peasants themselves.

From the north to the south she went, noting the changes of the folk traditions under the influence of other civilizations, in the north the French, in the south, the oriental, and all along the Mediterranean provinces, the influence of Persia and Greece, in costume, music and dance. To her headquarters in Madrid she brought the results of her explorations, and there, with her accompanist and other musicians, synthesized the material she had gathered into the art forms she presents on the stage. The backgrounds for her music and dance come likewise from their original sources. From Valencia she brought the handsome seventeenth century brocaded skirt given her by the nephew of Sorolla, the well known contemporary Spanish painter, an heirloom of the family for these hundreds of years; from Asturia, the pandeiro, or tambourin, a gift from the little peasant girl who taught her to play it. Shawls, fans, slippers, combs of beaten gold, and the richly varied fabrics typical of the different provinces, she had gathered to lend their native color to the pictures she offers to American audiences.

—Virginia Tooker.

THE PRODIGAL RETURNS

The community will profit largely by Johan H. Meyer's return to Carmel for his summer respite from his work. His vacation plans for his own entertainment include exhibits in his spacious studio, on Ocean and Mountain View, of modern photographic and graphic arts, and informal evenings of music. The opening exhibit, two weeks hence, will be of his own works of the past season in San Francisco, photographic interpretations of landscapes and still-life fragments; and portraits of such people of interest as Nicolai Orloff, Balieff, Colonel C. E. S. Wood, Fremont Older, Sara Bard Field, and Lincoln Steffens. Following, he will bring other distinguished exhibits, the paintings of Henrietta Shore, and others.

Beyond this he is making no program of his time; no engagements except with pipe, walking-stick and fishing-rod; and no appointments with camera except for his own pleasure and amusement.

ALAN BIER IN CARMEL

Alan Bier, the pianist, walked in on us Sunday morning. "Just down for a stretch and a breath of air before I go back to San Francisco to finish my season." He may return to spend the summer in Carmel if the sun promises good behavior.

"I have one or two things to say musically, and I may do some composing this summer. I will probably express it in some new form. Not revolutionary: I don't believe in the revolutionary. Anyone can throw over the traces."

And, "If I have anything imperative to say, I will probably shut myself away somewhere. There's too much contact with other people's ideas these days, and too little with natural forces."

And, "Art is not a product of philosophising. The artist should not explain himself: the creative process is an attractive one."

He left for San Francisco again on Tuesday, June 12th.

MARRIED

The marriage of Gertrude Tyler, of Carmel, assistant librarian at Monterey, to David E. Wightman, of Pacific Grove, occurred last Saturday at the home of the bride before a company of assembled guests, the Rev. I. M. Terwilliger, pastor of the Community Church, performing the ceremony.

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WORLD NEWS

Katherine Parrott Gorringer

Again an amateur wireless operator, on a wave length of 30.35, picked up the signals too weak to be heard by more powerful plants. Clyde Ames of Altoona, Pa., heard the lost dirigible calling "Crushed against a mountain; no shelter but the Italia; all alive; rush food." Later the signals became strong enough to be heard by the base ship, now proceeding to the rescue.

On Saturday, the eighth day out from Oakland, the Southern Cross arrived in Brisbane, Australia, 7300 miles, with only two intervening stops. Its present intent is to complete the circuit of the globe by air.

The poison gas disaster in Hamburg, when phosgene gas escaping from a leaky tank, killed twelve persons, gassed more than 200 and shriveled trees, grass and crops has called forth an appeal to "the solidarity of the youth of all nations" from the "Progressive Youth" party in Germany. The destruction of all existing supplies of poison gas and the cessation of preparations in laboratories for a future chemical war is demanded.

With the execution at Canton of 14 girls and three school-boys, suspected of being 'Reds,' the new Chinese government distinguishes itself in the European clothes of the Bolshevik-hunter.

"The largest woman vote ever cast in the United States is the aim of the General Federation of Women's Clubs for the 1928 presidential election." But why not 'the most intelligent woman vote?' Or ain't there any such animal?

Congress in its last session passed 923 bills and voted appropriations of \$4,500,000,000. "But," says the Baltimore Sun "the chief thing the session did was to demonstrate again that the country is too big and the people too diverse to expect unity of thought on any issue in either party."

President Coolidge may have 'started something' by his last-minute veto of the McNary-Haugen farm relief bill. The Governor of Nebraska has called on 100,000 farmers of the middle-west to march, in their flivvers, on the Republican convention at Kansas City. And at Chicago, the American Farm Bureau Federation has drawn up a farm-relief plank which will be presented this week to the same body.

The automobile has killed as many people in this country in the last two years as were killed or died of wounds in the World War. It has seriously injured nearly seven times as many persons as our wounded-but-not-killed soldiers.

Progress seems glorious when we read that thirteen women are dead and five dying of radium poisoning contracted while painting numerals on the dials of watches in the United States Radium Corporation at Orange, New Jersey.

The Flood Control bill has been passed by Congress and finally approved by Coolidge. The President has had to abandon his first demand that the States affected should contribute 20 per cent of the costs. They will now furnish only rights of way on the main river, while local communities contribute to the cost of tributary levees. The Federal appropriation has been increased from \$296,400,000 to \$325,000,000.

PERHAPS IT TAKES AN EARTHQUAKE TO MOVE US TOO

The capital city of Japan needed an earthquake to get town planning going, and an earthquake came. A town planning expert from the United States was employed to create a town plan for Tokio. He presented his plan. The City Council "turned it down." The town planner packed up his maps and departed. In September of the same year came an earthquake and destroyed the city. The town planner was called back and instructed to go on with his work. It is now said that Tokio is to be "the most beautiful city in the world." We seem to have heard that phrase before.

—Alfred Buckley, in the Community Builder

One girl started to fly the Atlantic last Tuesday; another tried to. The one is Mabel Boll, "Queen of Diamonds;" the other, whose plane would not rise from the water, Amelia Earhart. She will throw overboard some of her baggage, which made the plane too heavy, and start again. They both wanted to be the first woman to cross.

Stocks have smashed in Wall St.; there is a panic. The banks did it on purpose. They want a more orderly bull market. If all that were reported by reporters it would be a scandal. People ought to read the financial pages. They tell just how Wall Street feels about Hoover and other Presidential candidates; and politics in general.

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PETER'S PARAGRAPHS

"You can't change human nature," said a white-haired gentleman who talks much of reason, the other night at a meeting, and many heads bowed as if the debate had been closed by a fact.

In the first place, you can change human nature. In the second place, any monkey knows it has been changed. In the third place, it will be more and more changed. And in the fourth place, you don't have to change human nature to achieve any human ideal. The ideal, achieved, will attend to that.

* * * *

Carmel is right on one thing; it will not improve the streets. But art, the theatre, our minds, our neighbors—why must everything else be improved?

* * * *

Art is play. It is labor too, but the laborers in art work like children at play. Watch them. Except ye become as they are ye shall not enter in. They say: "Come, let us play choo-choo," and then labor and concentrate and forget the world, to build and run a railroad. There is no conflict between work and play, between labor and art, in the kingdom of heaven.

The conflict is on earth where men make art and play and pleasure a duty. And whenever it is a duty it is corrupted and wrong; even in our morals, and certainly in art.

* * * *

Men are flying. Businessmen. By machinery, with engines. Idealists are trying to, without any motors. They can't because their ideals are heavier than air. They seem to be lighter, but they rise only on their toes.

* * * *

"The League of Damnation," a speaker named it here last week, and he called pacifists "peace-mongers." Then he said that we should all intensely desire peace; that would bring it. He was an Indian (from India).

India has a large minority of educated minds which intensely desire to be free of British rule.

* * * *

Sometimes it looks as if the truth were broken up into tiny bits, like sovereignty in a democracy; one ballot to each voter. A fragment of wisdom to each truth-seeker. And the wise men, like the voters, have not yet been able to get together.

* * * *

The six Folsom convicts, "in" for life, who were held guilty of the murder of a guard in their prison break, and sentenced to life imprisonment, have now been sentenced to the gallows for the death of a fellow-convict in that same break.

Those who hold that the community must have its revenge for a murder committed, will shortly receive six-fold satisfaction. Those who hold that punishment serves as a deterrent, will now be able to enjoy the contemplation of all the criminals who will not become criminals on account of the death of those six men. Only those who believe the criminal an outcast and a pariah will find themselves in a logical difficulty. Six men lose their lives to pay for the accidental death of an outcast and a pariah.

* * * *

The German newspapers are busy explaining the heavy tide of votes to the Left: to the socialist, even to the communist, parties. The editors pretend to be astonished. They are not.

Rhys Williams, when first he came to Carmel, spoke of a Berlin editor who told him about the Left drift of discontent; that all the editors knew it, and were in a conspiracy to conceal it, lest the news hurt German credit in the United States.

Reformers talk about getting somehow a "responsible press," newspapers which consider, before printing the news, the probable effect thereof. Well, the Germans have a responsible press. So have the Americans, the English, the French. And that's what's the matter with the Press!

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

Little Pete aged two and a half, was putting the garden hose in his mouth and letting the water drip pleasantly down his throat.

"Don't do that, Pete."

"All right. I won't."

Mother goes away, and returning in a short while, finds Pete blissfully sucking the hose.

"Pete, what did you promise Mother?"

"Not to put the hose in my mouf."

"Why did you do it then?"

"Mama gone."

BOOKS

THE LAST BUCCANEER

Lowell Thomas. "Count Luckner, the Sea-Devil." Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Some evening when the fog is coming in, when life, also, with sinuous, grey fingers, seems closing in upon your dreams, take up this book of Lowell Thomas' and forget yourself in the lusty achievement of a twentieth century pirate. Incidentally, it should be studied by all the tribe of moron-and-criminal hunters. For neither picked schools nor private tutors, rewards or punishments could propel the little Count Felix von Luckner through his examinations. He deceived his father, swindled his grandmother, and finally, running off to sea at thirteen, took a third brother's savings as well as his own.

Surely, his I. Q. would have fallen below zero, while a life-sentence in Sing Sing would have been his predicted end. Instead, he received from his own country a cross that puts him above the law: the Pope decorated him as a 'great humanitarian,' San Francisco voted him an honorary citizen; and he is, perhaps, the only man who out of the hell of the late war created a jolly adventure.

For though, cruising in his American-built clipper, he sunk fourteen Allied ships off Africa and in the south Pacific, the Sea-Devil took not a single life! The captured crews, their belongings, their pets, their drinks, even their musical instruments, were removed to the Sea-hawk before the ships were bombed. Then away they sailed—pirates and captives in the jolliest of fellowships—bound for "fun and glory!"

At each capture, the deck of the Sea-hawk was crowded with 'prisoners,' taking a lively interest in the new arrivals, especially if, as thrice happened, they included women! In the soft southern evenings "we sat around in genial fraternity, officers, prisoners and crew, each with a goblet of champagne. Midship were the orchestra, violin, cello, melodeon and Steinway grand." "Elemental sentiments of gratitude and friendship obliterated the more artificial passions of war."

Yes, that bad little boy Felix knew what he was about when he ran away to sea. Intuitively he sought the element in which his robust, adventurous, but humane soul could express itself in action. "Phelax," he told himself, when with a plaster cast still on his broken leg he was flung out of the Kingston hospital, penniless, "Phelax, you must go to the ocean. It is your element." And through beatings, starvation, scurvy, and shipwreck he stuck to his 'element' until he had fulfilled his early promise to his father to "wear the Emperor's uniform with honor." It was no mere chance that brought him his final glorious adventure, but his splendid, steadfast German soul.

—Katherine Parrott Gorringe.

CONCERNING ROBINSON JEFFERS

Lawrence Morris' article in the "New Republic" of May 16th, called "Robinson Jeffers, the Tragedy of a Modern Mystic," has excited much admiration and debate.

It is a brilliant and apparently convincing review, whose weakness lies in the psychoanalytic and limited slant on Jeffers himself. Morris completely misses the serene integrity and detachment behind the objective and militant compassion of Jeffers confusing the warring elements of Jeffers' material with the substance of Jeffers' vision.

"It is the source of Jeffers' strength and his terror," says Morris, "that he has not been able to buy peace by short-circuiting."

It is, rather, the source of Jeffers' strength and magnificence as a voice among men (and his enigma to them at the same time) that he has not been willing to remain in the peace of oblivion to which he so evidently within himself holds the key.

"In Jeffers, the heart of a modern mystic wars with the mind of a contemporary psychoanalytic rationalist . . . the result is despair and disgust at finding himself human. He turns on the mind and emotions, hoping to free himself by outraging them."

Having "passionately fallen in love outward" himself, Jeffers turns back to the personal minds and emotions of human beings, hoping to free them by outraging them.

—Caroline Blackman.

CURRENT CARMEL AUTHORS

The list of contributors to current magazines includes several names of local interest. Van Wyck Brooks' article "The Wizard of the Law," appears in the "New Republic" of May 2, and in a later issue of the same magazine, his review of "Lawrence of Arabia." Upton Sinclair writes on "Justice Bought and Paid For" in the May "Forum."

The short story field is represented by Henry Meade Williams, son of Jesse Lynch Williams, whose striking story, "Death on Carmine Street" appears in the June "Scribners," and James Hopper's story "Squiffy," in the June "Good Housekeeping."

Outstanding among these is the article in the May 16 issue of the "New Republic" by Lawrence Morris, "Robinson Jeffers, the Tragedy of a Modern Mystic."

POEMS

THE MACHINE

By Robinson Jeffers

The little biplane that has the river-meadow for landing-field
And carries passengers brief rides,
Buzzed overhead on the tender blue above the orange of sundown.
Below it five troubled night-herons
Turned short over the shore from its course, four east, one north-
ward. Beyond them

Swam the new moon in amber.

I don't know why, but lately the forms of things appear to me
with time

One of their visible dimensions.

The thread brightness of the bent moon appeared enormous,
unnumbered

Their natural size, they have croaked over the shore in the hush
at sundown

Much longer than human language

Has fumbled with the air: but the plane having no past but a
certain future,

Insect in size as in form,

Was also accepted, all these forms of power placed without
preference

In the grave arrangement of the evening.

—from Poetry, a Magazine of Verse.

THE NEW BROADSIDE

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid
and self-contain'd,

I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,

Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of
owning things,

Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands
of years ago,

Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

—Walt Whitman from The Song of Myself.

the latest "new yorker" lies on the tables---

a fire glows on a corner hearth---

fresh coffee perks in a dozen pots---

the radio brings the mark hopkins

to

charles

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FOLKS:

Do you know that the tremendous increase in home fires startles the nation?

THAT, Fire always walks arm in arm with death?

THAT, seventy-six per cent of the 15,000 persons burned to death last year, were women and children?

THAT, the greatest loss of life occurs in home fires?

THAT, 5950 little lives were snuffed out by fire, last year.

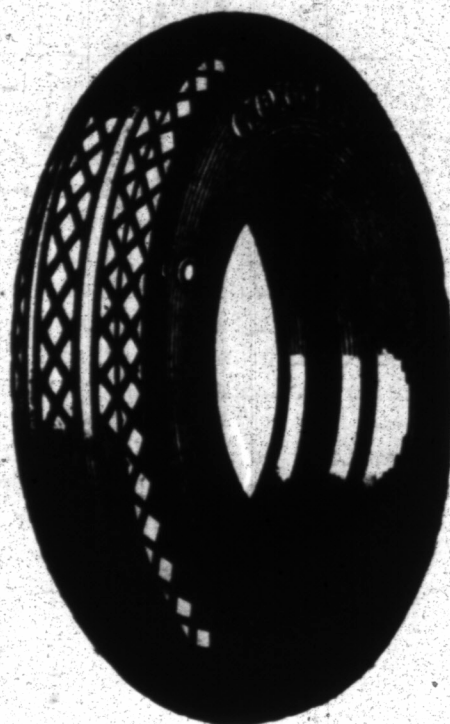
Safe today—wiped out tomorrow: Take care of your home and your loved ones NOW.

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